

SOME NEW BOOKS

Major-General George Brinton McClellan.
SECOND ARTICLE.

McClellan certainly had enough to do after arriving at Washington, and he did much of it well, but it is absurd to claim for him that he "had to create a real army and its material out of nothing." The fact is that he misinterpreted an order of the President, who had not called upon him to raise or organize regiments or to create material of any kind. His simple duty was to take the men that were given to him in abundance by the War Department, assign them to brigades and divisions, put them under discipline, and lead them against the enemy. It is a well-known fact that the Engineer Corps was competent to lay out and construct the fortifications of Washington, while the Ordnance, Quartermaster, and Commissary departments were all able and energetic men, competent to create or purchase all the material required by the army; and, as a matter of fact, they did all this with a promptness, precision, and rapidity never before equalled in any army. If, therefore, it is claimed that he had to have done it, it is apparent that from the start he usurped the functions of both the President and Secretary of War, as well as of the veteran General-in-Chief, and thus made it inevitable that he should stir up dissatisfaction. If, however, his functions were above his own, and whose duties were well defined by custom and law

But even in the matter of forming brigades and divisions, and in bringing them under the proper drill and discipline, it by no means follows that he pursued the best course, or that he would not have reached much better results had he taken the field by the last of September and taught the Army of the Potomac as he did the Army of West Virginia, or as Grant did the Army of the Tennessee, in actual campaign, how to march, camp, and fight. It is admitted by all that the men and officers about Washington were as good and patriotic as those of the other armies, and they were as well organized, disciplined, and instructed as were the enemy confronting them. After the 1st of August when the men under McClellan's command did not outnumber their opponents, and yet he claims that the enemy "outnumbered him threefold."

In considering this part of McClellan's story, too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that the staff corps and supply departments were well organized and carefully equipped, and that the requirements of them for an army of any size. It is true that quartermasters, commissaries, surgeons, Assistant Adjutants-General, and even engineers were ultimately taken in considerable numbers from the volunteers, but they generally held subordinate posts, learned their duties, and did not interfere with the operations of the line officers, many of whom were quite as capable in their special branches of the service as McClellan himself. Hence, even if it had been necessary "to create a real army and its material out of nothing," as he alleged, it is evident that it could have been done quite as well by the army commander himself, who, to say the least of it, should not have been allowed, even if so inclined, to fritter away his strength and energies in a multitude of details which no one man could properly look after. It is not to be denied that the President, the Secretary of War, and the General-in-Chief were, for the most part, primarily for being ignorant of the proper division of duties and responsibilities between themselves and the army commander; and, secondarily, for not informing themselves on this point, and insisting at the start that he should confine himself to the task of commanding the army and utilizing the resources of the country while the army was creating the army and its material, not "out of nothing," but from the abundant resources at hand, should be performed by others within whose functions it properly lay.

There is no doubt that there was great confusion, if not consternation, prevailing in Washington immediately after the defeat at Antietam. The President, who had been in the city when the change was made which brought Mr. Stanton into the Cabinet. During this confusion, McClellan, unduly impressed by the magnitude of the disaster which had befallen the national cause, and full of the conviction that he alone could save the country, absorbed, perhaps involuntarily, and certainly with none but pure motives, the position of a dictator, and, in the eyes of the Government, and became the central figure at Washington. Lieut.-Gen. Scott, who had been in his day a competent commander and organizer, was at that time an old, unwieldy, worn-out man, unable to protect his own prerogatives, or to properly advise the President; and McClellan ignored him and ran over him as he pleased. He was not a coward, but ill-controlled egotism, he voluntarily retired from Washington before the year was out, never to reappear in public affairs.

Mr. Stanton was a man of different fibre and character from either the President, Mr. Cameron, or the other members of the Cabinet. Originally an ultra Democrat, he was somewhat of a radical in his views, and he was rapidly gaining favor throughout the Northern States as to the nature of the war and the proper spirit in which to carry it on. For several months he had looked with contempt upon Mr. Lincoln and his surroundings, and doubtless hailed the coming of McClellan as a relief. There, however, his hopeful event of the war up to that time. There is no doubt that he had a high regard for that officer, and before accepting the post to which he had been invited, called to satisfy himself of McClellan's docunence and support, and to assure him in turn that he should have the fullest assistance of the War Department. He was not, however, without some doubts, doubting that he was absolutely sincere in all this, and yet McClellan says truthfully enough that the difficulties of his situation "culminated soon after Mr. Stanton became Secretary of War. Up to this time there had been no serious difficulty. They had, in his own words, given him "all the things he wanted, and an unbounded confidence," and they continued to do this until only the Administration, but the country lost all patience.

The summer and fall passed away and winter came, without any sign of a forward movement. The army grew to over 150,000 men and had every appliance that money could buy. The Government, however, was not satisfied. "Young Napoleon" was not satisfied, but asked for 278,000 of all arms for the main army of operations. It should here be noted that during the entire autumn and early winter the weather was exceedingly favorable for military operations. The Government bore with its inaction and its inactivity, but the army was not consistent with self-respect and a proper regard for the duty which it owed to the country. Having given him everything within its control, it finally became a suppliant, and what was worse, a suppliant in vain for his consideration. It was almost inconceivable, in a country where the Government was so much known to be friendly inclined to make his plans known to the President and his Cabinet, especially upon receiving from him a positive order to do so. The order was not given, and the plans were withheld on the ground that they might become known and communicated to the

The Life of Mr. Lincoln, when fully published, will doubtless throw light upon the history of this interesting period, but the whole truth cannot be known till the story of Stanton's life and times has been carefully studied and written. Meanwhile enough is known from other sources to refute the assertion of McClellan that he was the object of a conspiracy, or that he failed because the Secretary of War and the politicians were determined that he should not succeed. Indeed, it is not too much to say that both McClellan and his apologists fail utterly to show that there was ever anything whatever like a conspiracy.

against him, or that there was any other cause for dissatisfaction than his extraordinary and persistent delay to move against the enemy. He took command of the Army of the Potomac on the 27th of July, 1861, and did not begin his movement to the peninsula till the last of March, 1862. Full eight months of preparation had passed: the aggregate strength of his army had been increased to 233,578, of which 203,213 men of all arms were present for duty, and yet he did not then move voluntarily, but waited till President Lincoln, in sheer desperation, issued his celebrated war orders, fixing the dates on which the army should advance or beyond which movements must not be delayed.

It should not be thought strange that Secretary Stanton lost confidence in McClellan during this distressing period of our history. He was an impatient, resolute, and imperious man, and naturally, and properly enough, made haste to reclaim for the War Department all the powers which McClellan had been permitted to assume as commander of the Army of the Potomac. McClellan, in the office he succeeded Gen. Scott, while Mr. Stanton did not lay claim to technical military knowledge, he was far too good a lawyer to remain long in doubt as to the legal extent of his own duties, or as to the rights of his department to the army and the fleet. It is true that he was not slow to add to his knowledge, but his whole subsequent career showed him to be an honest and unselfish patriot, tremendously in earnest at all times in his efforts to strengthen the armies in the field. It cannot be contended that he did not make mistakes; but, as a man, he was not less to be respected for having been due to ignoble motives, nor does he appear to have been moved by any other feeling than a desire to see the enemy attacked and beaten, and the Union firmly reestablished. No high public office ever lived who had fewer favorites, or who can be said to have been less influenced by personal considerations in the performance of public duties.

The only rational explanation of the marked change which is discernible in McClellan's personal characteristics and military methods after his appearance at Washington, as before intimated, is that his head was turned by the knowledge that he was to be the aid of the most important army, and shortly afterward to the office of General-in-Chief. The adulation and praise which were showered upon him from all sides; the deference shown him by the President, the Cabinet, and the Senate; the ill-considered talk of making him dictator, which prevailed at the time, all conspired to flatter the vanity of the almost unlimited power which he held; in short, "the pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war," all conspired to give him an exaggerated idea of his personal importance, of the work to be done, and of his relation to it and to the constitutional Government of which he was the servant, not the master. In their well-founded anxiety and their ignorance of his character, the people of the country demanded a deliverer, and attributed to McClellan the superiority they wanted him to possess, and he, in turn, was not slow in learning to believe that he was actually endowed with all the qualities his most ardent admirers attributed to him. While he was undoubtedly a loyal and patriotic soldier, there is no doubt he felt, as the people felt, that he was the man who should be permitted to have his own way in everything. He appears to have thought it absurd for an Administration of civilians to have any views whatever as to how armies should be organized, plans laid out, or campaigns conducted. Then, too, it is evident that, in common with many others, he overestimated his own powers, and thought he could do, and underestimated what other officers of the army and the patriotic people of the country were doing. No impartial person can read the extracts from the private letters, which the editor of his story has so abundantly given us, and which cast such light upon his mental condition at the time they were written, without being struck with the truth of this.

The first day after his arrival he wrote to his wife: "By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land. I

see already the main causes of our recent failure, I am sure that I can remedy these, and am confident that I can lead these armies of men to victory over the British. This supposition is evidently is that he has become "the power of the land," exalted above all others. "President," Cabinet, and Gen. Scott all deferring to his views. He saw at once "the main causes of our recent failure," and, while failing to point them out, it is clear from the context that he then attributed the failure principally to the inability of the army to march, to the lack of organization of the men, and to a lack of organization and discipline, while it was clearly due to the move- ment by which the Confederates withdrew Johnston's forces from the field of Manassas and concentrated them on the field of Pottomac at the vital moment, while the army was still in the vale of Virginia, thirty miles away. In point of organization, discipline, and equipment, as well as in personnel and material, McDowell's army was certainly as good as Beauregard's.

and just as well commanded.

Three days later McClellan wrote: "When I was in the Senate chamber to-day and found those old men flocking around me; when I saw the venerable and venerable members of the capital of our great nation and saw the crowd gathering around to stare at me, I began to feel how great the task committed to me. * * * Who would have thought when we were married that I should so soon be called upon to save my country?" On Aug. 2 he handed "to the President a carefully considered plan for the restoration of the Union, and the re-organization of the latter recounting this he added: "I shall carry this thing on *en grand*, and crush the rebels in one campaign. I flatter myself that Beauregard has gained his last victory." On the 4th he wrote: "I have Washington perfectly quiet now. You would not know that there is a regiment here, and that it is not a regiment of the South, but ready." On the 8th he "was pestered to death with Senators, etc., and a row with Gen. Scott." * * * who "always comes in the way. He understands nothing, appreciates nothing." On the 10th he writes: "Gen. Scott is the greatest obstacle. He will not comprehend the danger. He will fight my way against him. Tomorrow I will have a decision decided, and giving up absolute control independently of

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In the same letter he says: "If the enemy attacks, will try to make my movements an appropriate defense, as may be, my men will only fight if I think of them. I am not withstanding the disparity of numbers. I am weary of all this. I have no ambition in the present affairs: only wish to save my country, and find the incapables around me will not permit it. They sit on the verge of the precipice and cannot realize what they are doing. Then comes a scare—the enemy is seen. Then comes to be on the eve of attacking—and he writes: "If Beauregard comes down upon us soon, I have everything to make a manoeuvre which will be decisive." Again: "If Beaure-

ward does not attack within two days, he has lost every chance of success." "If Beauregard does not attack this week, he is foolish. He has given me infinite advantages, and you may be sure I will not neglect them." "I will be sure." "In a week I ought to be perfectly safe and be prepared to defend all Maryland in another week to advance our position." On the 25th of August he writes again: "Friend Beauregard has allowed the chance to escape him. I have now some 63,000 effective men, and I am confident that I can hold the last week he certainly had double our force."

The official records show the strength of the corps under Beauregard for the month of September as present for duty, 23,581; "total present," 27,743; and "total present and absent," 33,571. At a council of war held by Jefferson Davis, John B. Magruder, and Beauregard on September 26, General Beauregard asked the question, "What number of men are necessary to warrant an offensive campaign?" Smith answered, "Fifty thousand effective, seasoned soldiers," explaining that by seasoned soldiers he meant "such as they had there present; and not new recruits." Beauregard then asked, "How many would be necessary to hold the peninsula about Yorktown, Norfolk, western Virginia, Pensacola, or wherever might be most expedient." This shows that no such number had yet been assembled in front of McClellan, and Davis decided that it was not practicable to bring that number to northern Virginia.

On the 27th of September, Mr. Davis passed his calculations on 87,000 men in northern Virginia.

For the month of October an abstract of the returns shows the forces under Johnston, then in supreme command: Effective total present, 16,816; aggregate present, 20,422; absent, 3,606. For the month of November: Effective total, 41,677; aggregate present, 51,422; aggregate present and absent, 63,916. For the month of December: Effective total, 44,568; aggregate present, 54,616; aggregate present and absent, 70,184. For the month of February, 1862: Effective total present, 86,267; aggregate present, 42,860; aggregate present and absent, 60,082. These figures are exceedingly important, for they show that the army was not reduced by Johnston ever at any time previous to the commencement of actual operations had as many men as McClellan had, and that the latter was entirely unwarranted in claiming that Beauregard had more than twice as many men as Johnston, that McClellan was correct in stating his own force as 65,000 effective men on the 25th of August, 1861, it is evident that at that time he could have moved with nearly twice as many men as he did, instead of being outnumbered two to one.

On the 30th of January he had 211,955 men, according to his own returns. There can be no doubt either that his habit from that time forward was to greatly overestimate the strength of the enemy, nor is there any doubt that he was equally prone to overestimate the strength of his antagonists'. The Official Records, put this statement beyond question, and any one with a little patience can verify it for himself. They were open to McClellan and at the time he wrote his story, and yet neither he nor the editor states the exact facts, nor makes the slightest attempt to explain the misapprehension which his current letters and reports show him to have been laboring under in respect to this most important matter. His story, so far at least as the strength of the armies is concerned, is based upon the misapprehension he was under in 1861-2. Instead of resting upon the facts as shown by the Official Records, he has been so widely mistaken as to the strength and plans of the rebel forces, it is quite within the bounds of probability that he was also mistaken in regard to the motives which impelled the President, the Secretary of War, and even General Scott to differ from him, and finally to withdraw their

Passing rapidly over that part of his narrative which describes the proper organization of an army and sketches in a brief but interesting manner the characteristics of his leading Generals, both native and foreign, we come to the question of the removal of Mr. Chase and his denunciations of that character, we come again to his private letters, covering the time from Oct. 1. 1861, to March 12, 1862, from which we quote as follows: "I can't tell you how disgusted I am becoming at the conduct of the Administration. I feel that I have to-morrow to fight a battle there (Nelson's Hill) if the enemy should choose to attack me, and I don't think they will care to run the risk. I presume I shall have to go after them when I get ready, and I am sure I shall make it. I am becoming daily more disgusted with this Administration—perfectly sick of it. If I could with honor resign, I would quit the whole concern to-morrow." On the 8th of October he writes to a friend: "I am becoming daily more disgusted with this Administration—perfectly sick of it. I would quit the whole concern to-morrow." "I have written several times," he says, "but will write no more."

Do not expect to fight a battle near Washington; probably none will be fought till I am ready to advance, and that I will not do till I am fully ready. . . . I must ride much every day, for my army covers much space." Then comes the review of the army, which is "well equipped and drilled for the finest order even on the continent, and rarely equalled anywhere. There were 104 guns in the review (a number greater than Lauriat's famous battery at Wagram) and 5,500 cavalry." On the 10th he says: "When I returned yesterday after a long ride, I was obliged to attend a meeting of the Council of War, which was closed and adjourned. There are some of the greatest generals in the Cabinet I have ever seen—enough to tax the patience of Job." On Oct. 25, he writes: "How weary I am of all this business. Care after care, blunder after blunder, trike after trike—aluding, probably, to the political and to the military blunders which have been made. . . . Ball's Georgia, (Oct. 31 he writes: "'Our Georgia, they have taken it into their heads to call me. I ought to take good care of these men, for I believe they love me from the bottom of their hearts.'") Later in the same letter he speaks of "the gigantic dimensions" of the undertaking before him, and says that he is "glad to have an instrument worthy of the great task, but I do feel that I did not seek it. It was thrust upon me. I was called to it; my previous life seems to have been unwittingly directed to this great end."

On the 1st of November he writes: "They have proposed to make me at once the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and I have declined the offer. I feel that I owe my own way, I feel a sense of relief at having my own way untrammelled, but I cannot discover whether in my own heart one symptom of gratified vanity or ambition." The next day he says: "I have found the army just about as much disorganized as I was the Army of the Potomac, when I received the command; everything is disorganized; no order, no discipline, no order, no discipline, no order, no discipline, and I will reduce it to order. I mean to have it working smoothly." On the 3d he was up at an early hour "to escort Gen. Scott to the depot," and in writing about it said: "The slight of this morning was a lesson to me which I hope not soon to forget." Should I have been so much surprised? And how could I have minded me that spectacle? And how has full swing: receives a sword from the city of Philadelphia, has a "collation" sends Halleck to Missouri, Buell to Kentucky, Burnside to North Carolina, Butler to New Orleans; receives "glorious news from Fort Royal," attends a "peaceful Cabinet meeting," gets a great number of letters from the President, and the President confers with the President, who, he says, "is honest and means well," conceals himself at Stanton's, who was not yet Secretary of War, to "dodge all enemies in shape of 'browsing' Presidents," and late in November at 1 A. M. finds himself "pretty thoroughly tired out and a good deal alone," and writes to the President nothing on record to show that I have left to place undone to make this army what it ought to be, and that the necessity for delay has not been my fault. He adds: "I have a great set of men to deal with unscrupulous and false; if possible, they will throw whatever is intended to be sacrificed by some people. Still, I do not tell who 'the false and unscrupulous men' are, but now for the first time he says: 'I cannot move without more means.'"

And I do not possess the power to control those means. The people think me all-powerful. Never was there a greater mistake. I am thwarted and deceived by these incapables at every turn. I am doing all I can to get ready for the worst, and I am not able to get the people to look as if we were condemned to a winter of inactivity. If it is so, the fault will not be mine." But he fails to point out who the "incapables" were or wherein they thwarted or deceived him, or whose the fault would be. Of course, the inference is plain that they were the President and his Cabinet, for he ranked and commanded every man in the land, and could make them do as he pleased. The fact is that, so far as can now be ascertained, no one withheld anything from him, and no one asked anything of him except to advance against the enemy; but he was deaf to all entreaty, and resolutely held the defensive against friends and enemies alike. Finally the President issued his war order, requiring him to advance against the enemy on the 22d of March, and he did so, and the celebrated march to Manassas, the retreat of the enemy, and the humiliating episode of the Quaker gun. It was on this abortive campaign that he wrote (March 11): "I regret that the rascals are after me again. I had been foolish enough to hope that when I went into the field they would give me some rest, but it seems otherwise;" and strangely enough he does not apologize to the administration and to all who had lost patience with him and his peculiar methods; and so it is to the end.

Napoleon Bonaparte, by Hippolyte Adolphe Taine.
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III.

If we look closely at the contemporaries of Dante and Michael Angelo, we observe that they differed from us in point of character still more widely than in mind. Three hundred years of police repression of courts and constables, of social discipline, of peaceful manners and hereditary civilization, have deadened in us the force and fury of man's native passions. These were intact in Italy at the period of the Renaissance. At that time man had livelier and deeper emotions than he has. A torrent of police repression, of courts and volition more impetuous, tanacious, and frantic than our own. Whatever may have been the mainspring of a given individual—whether pride, ambition, jealousy, hate, love, greed, or sensuality—that inward spring acted with a vigor of propulsion and reacted with a violence of reaction that have since disappeared. The things reappear in this mighty survivor of the fifteenth century. The play of the nervous machine is identical in him and his Italian ancestors. Never was there, even in the Malatestas and the Borgias, a brain more sensitive and more propulsive, capable of more violent emotions, in whom the inward tempest was more unmitigating and ever rumbling, more startling in its flashes, more resistless in its shocks. In him no idea remains abstract and speculative; none is a mere copy of the real, or a mere picture of the possible. Each was a headlong rushing toward the goal, instantly desiring transformation into act. Each dashed headlong toward its goal, and would incontinently reach it were it not forcibly kept down and held back.

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In the army and among the common people he is supposed to be imperturbable, but off the battlefield, where he wears a mask of bronze, and outside of official ceremonies at which he puts on the appropriate decorum, almost always in the company of his wife, he is a man in the expression, the inside boils over on the outside, his gesture escapes him, bursts from him like a detonation. At Saint Cloud once, surprised by Josephine in *flagrante delicto*, he rushes so fiercely at the unseasonable inter-
-way," and the whole of the ensuing evening, in order to definitely break her in, he stays angry," insults her in every possible manner, and smashes the furniture that happens to come in his way." A little before the proclamation of the empire, Talleyrand, a great practical joker, means to take the title of King. Berthier loses no time in crossing the drawing room full of

company, and, according to the master with a beaming face, congratulates him on his intentions. "I am glad to hear of it," he says, "but I am sorry that you are not a party to my glee." He thrusts his fist down under Berthier's chin and rams himself against the wall. "Idiot," he said, "who put it in your noodle to stir up my bile like this?" "I am sorry," says the master, "but I am errands." There we see the first impulse, the instinctive gesture, to dash straight at people and gripe them by the throat. On every page beneath his written phrases you divine startled intimations of a man that breaks out, strikes out, and knocks down. And so, in fact, it was for when he dictates in his study. "He goes on writing," says the master, "but he is not writing, which seldom fails to be," his language is mixed up with furious imprecations, and even round-abouts that in the transcript of the amanuensis are suppressed. "Not occasionally are they suppressed," says the master, "but in the final drafts of his letters on ecclesiastical matters come on dozens of b-f-f-and the foulest samples of vituperation."

Never was he less conscious than before, for in the first place he had no time to think, and in the second he never had any article of clothing that happens not to suit him. On gala and full dress days his valets had to have to conspire in order to seize the proper moment to let something on him. He tears off or breaks whatever causes him the least inconvenience, and sometimes the poor valet charged with this slight annoyance, gets a violent and practical demonstration of his more headstrong by its own momentum. "His writing," whenever he tries to write, "is a jumble of indecipherable and detached characters; half the letters and characters are lacking in the words." If he tries to read it he finds it unintelligible. In the end he becomes almost incapable of writing a holographic letter, and even his signature is a "jumble of characters," which he has to have written by his secretaries, who can hardly follow him. When they first begin to ply their task they must sweat at every pore, and still only manage to set down half of what he says. Bourrienne, Meneval, and Maret have to contrive a system of shorthand, for he never will repeat one of his sayings; all the worse for the pen if it can't keep up; all the better for the pen if a volley of words comes pouring on the onrush gives a chance to cover lost ground.

when the resultant denudation was neither useful nor dignified. The trouble is that his soul and mind are stuffed to bursting; under this inhibition he is the improvisatore and debater in full stream d'art, and he is not the statesman. "With him," says a keen observer, "talking is a prime necessity, and assuredly he places in the highest rank of the prerogatives pertaining to supreme station, the immunity from interruption and the right to interrupt others." Eyes of the Statesman State he lets him jump, forgets the business on foot, plunges right and left in a digression, a demonstration, an invective, for two hours, may three hours by the clock, insulating, re-asserting, determined to convince or conquer, and winding up the tirade with asking his auditors to "be good and remember that I am not never falling to find every intellect submissive to his own." On reflection he understands what ascent thus gained is worth, and points to his chair of state says: "Own that brains come easier to the tenant of that seat." But he cannot say that. But such is his mind, he has given way to his passions and his passions have won rather than subdued by him. Drags

"I have extremely irritable nerves," he used to say of himself, "and with such a temperament, were it not that my blood always circulates sluggishly, I should run the risk of becoming mad." As it is, the tension of accumulated impressions is often too great and brings about a physical convulsion. Strange as it seems in such a warrior and such a statesman, "it is no rare thing when he is moved, to see him shed tears." He, who has seen thousands die and caused the death of millions, sobs after Wagram and after Bautzen, by the death of an old comrade. "I saw him," says his valet, "after leaving Marshal Lannes, weep all through his breakfast; and the big tears ran down his cheeks and fell into his plate."

It is not only a physical sensation, the actual sting of a shattered and bleeding body that thus touches him on the quick and to the bone, but a spiritual one, a sense of being torn to pieces him well nigh as deeply. At the sight of the emotion of Dandolo, who is pleading the cause of his mother country, Venice, sold to Austria, he is moved and his eyelashes are wet. Under the gaze of the Council of State when he is speaking of the capitalization at a higher voice than before, he is "arranged" and himself comes to his feet as if not so easily as he has been seen in his eyes." In 1806, at the moment of departing for the army, when he is saying good-by to Josephine, he is so much overcome that he has a nervous spasm, and the spasm is so violent that it ends in a fit of vomiting. "We had to make him sit down," says an eye-witness, "and he vomited up all the food he had retained tears and remained in this condition for a quarter of an hour." There is the same convulsion of the nerves and stomach in 1808, when he makes up his mind to be divorced; for a whole night he tosses and moans like a woman; he breaks down, embraces Josephine and tells her he is weaker than she. "My poor Josephine," he says, "I shall never be able to take her in his arms, she will have her with her, is the complete creature of the moment's sensation. She has to undress at once and lie down beside him, and he weeps over her. "He literally," says Josephine, "bathed the bed with his tears." Evidently in such an organization, the equilibrium is so delicate, that a supposition, the equilibrium runs a risk of rupture. He knows it, for he knows everything about himself. He is on his guard against his nervous sensibility as he would be against a kittish horse. In critical moments—at the Boreas, for example—he repels the dismal news of a last night alarm, and tells the important persons, "Don't be alarmed, I am not disturbed, you disturb my calm." Twice, nevertheless, in spite of this precaution, when the danger is an unguessed one and of an unaccounted kind, he is taken unawares. He, so clear of brain and so impassive under a rain of bullets, the most daring of military heroes and most audacious of military adventures, utter under a sudden planetary or popular outbreak, lost his self-control.

On the eighteenth Brumaire, in the Corps Loggiafil, at the cries of "Let him be outlawed!" he turned pale, trembled, seemed utterly to lose his head; he had to be dragged out of the hall; people even believed for a moment that he was going to faint." After the execution of Fouché, the influence of the numerous imprecations with which he was met in Provence, his moral being seemed for some days to be dissolved; the animal instincts came up to the surface; he is afraid, and does not even think of hiding his fear. Though he borrows the uniform of an Austrian Colonel, the helmet of a Prussian Commissary, and the cloak of a Russian Commissary, he never loses the feeling of his degradation. The inmates of La Calade see him "shivers and changes color at the slightest noise." The Commissaries, several of whom go up to his bedroom, "find him incessantly in terror." He wears them out with his alarms and vacillation of purpose, says the French Government means to have him assassinated on the road, refuses to eat at table with them, being poisoned, and is surrounded by a company of soldiers, while he unbosoms himself and gabbles incessantly about his past and his character, without self-restraint or decency, in trivial cynical fashion, like a man thrown completely off his base. His ideas are uncontrollable, and rush out one after another in mobs, like an anarchical and tumultuous populace. He does not regain his composure till the end of his life, when he is exiled, when he feels himself in safety and beyond physical attack. Then only do they re-enter their old ranks, to manœuvre there in good order, under the command of the sovereign thought, which, after a short spell of weakness, has regained its energy and recovered its ascendancy.

IV.
To coordinate, direct, and master such lively passions required an enormous force. In Napoleon this force is an instinct of extraordinary energy, which, by a constant and unhesitating determination to make himself the core of all things, and take in all things to himself; in other words, an egotism not inert, but active and invading, proportioned to the activity and range of his faculties, developed by education and the necessities of his position, until it had become a monster, until it had reared amid human society a colossal me. Incessantly protruding the radius of its rapacious and tenacious clutch, to which every form of resistance is a wound, and every kind of independence a mutilation, this terrible thing, this endless domain which it arrogates, can endure no kind of life, unless it be an appendix or tool of its own. Alone in the young man, and even in the boy, this absorbent personality was detected in the germ. "A dominant, imperious, pig-headed egotism," say the notes taken at Brienne. "Exceptionally prone to egotism," add the notes at the Ecole Militaire, "possessing a great deal of self-esteem, ambitious, aspiring to everything, a lover of solitude, doubtless because in the companionship of others he felt himself inferior, and because he is ill at ease wherever he does not command." "I live isolated from my comrades," we shall hear him relate later. "I had chosen in the school grounds a little corner where I sat down to dream at my ease. When my comrades came to visit me, I felt from the very moment of their entrance that I was losing my little kingdom of this strength. Already I had the instinct that my will was destined to dominate that of others, and that what pleased me must belong to me." Ascending further and even to his earliest years, under the paternal roof, he tells us that he was "a little, a little mischievous savage, intractable to all restraints, and destitute of conscience." "Nothing daunted me," I dreaded nobody; I used to thrust one, scratch another, and make myself feared by all. I was not afraid of being beaten, bitten, and I would have hurried to lodge a complaint against him, before he, on his part, had hardly regained his senses." Surpassing piece of strategy that he will never tire of repeating. In him this talent of egotism, which is a form of the great growth up man, he glories in, makes it the index and measure of "political superiority," and is fond of recalling that from his infancy one of

his uncles foretold that he would govern the world, because he was accustomed to lie incessantly."

Mark his uncle's comment: It sums up the complete experiences of a man of that age and country. That was in truth the lesson taught by the Revolution, that the only way to create a new, just, and respectable, and even a useful and respectable, morals adjusted themselves to manners. In very truth, morality is thus and so, because such and such are the manners. In all countries and all periods where the police is impotent, where public property belongs to no one, can take it, where private funds are unarmoured, where all sorts of arms are legitimate, where, for all that, there is no law, where the faint, fear, and robbery as much as the gun or the dagger. Such, in the eighteenth century, was the case in Corsica, as it had been in Italy in the fifteenth century. Hence Bonaparte's policy, which was to make the Corsicans of the Borgia and of Machiavelli; hence in him that first deposit of germ-things which later will serve as the matrix of full-fledged ideas; hence all the foundations of his future mental edifice, and of the conception he will form of human nature, and of the means to be used to change it. He leaves the French schools, at each of his returns to his native land, and sojourns in it, the same redoubtable impressions will consolidate in him the same ultimate idea. "In this country," write the French Commissioners, "the people are not able to conceive the abstract idea of any principle, and they are not capable of the interest or social justice." "There is no such thing as the administration of justice; a hundred and thirty assassinations have been perpetrated in the last two years. The jury system has exhausted every means of defence, and the accused are acquitted. The strongest proofs, the very quintessence of evidence, prevail on a jury made up of men of the same faction or the same clan as the prisoner at the bar, to give a verdict against him; and if the prisoner belongs to the opposite faction, the jury acquit him all the same. In order to obtain a just verdict, it is necessary to be ever inebriated." "Such a thing as public spirit is unknown." "There is no such thing as a social body, but there is 'a throng of petty factions hostile one to another. There is no such thing as a Corsican who is not the member of a faction; and he who is not a member of a faction; he who should refuse to serve some faction would be detested by them all. All the chiefs have but one object, that of getting money, no matter by what means, and their effort care is to surround themselves with cronies, and to attack at the same time all the other officials. They go to the polls in armed companies, every election is a scene of violence." The successful party uses its authority to wreak vengeance upon that which has op-

used it, and multiplies deeds of vexation and injustice. The chiefs form with one another a kind of confederacy, and are guilty of abuse in one another. They omit to carry out apportionments or collections of taxes from a wish to propitiate voters or from party and clan spirit. The Custom Houses only serve to provide their kinsmen and friends with salaries, and still pay the village headmen. The country districts are unmanageable partly from the country districts are unmanageable from insecurity; the peasants have to carry a gun as they plough. You cannot take a step without an escort: often you have to send a detachment of five or six men in order to convey a letter from one Post Office to another."

It is not only in the country districts that in general terms, by means of the thousands of concrete events which it drily summarizes; imagine these little incidents of daily recurrence recounted with their moving circumstances and discussed with sympathy or rage by interested neighbors; such is the course of the life of the people of Corsica, and that is what they have got, by what acts of violence they got on, by what dexterity go up the ladder. During the rest of the day, left to himself, this nurse, Flaria, to Savèria, the woman of all work, to the common people among whom he runs wild, he listens to the words of the sailors and the words of the herds of the mountains and their naïve explanations, their undisguised admiration of well-planned ambushes and lucky surprises, drive deep in him by energetic repetition the lessons already learned at home.

Such are his other lessons: at this tender age he has learned to be a man, and his character is ready for them, and the heart lays them in advance, because here education finds in instinct an accomplice. Thus it comes to pass at the outset of the revolution, when he finds himself back in Corsica, he forthwith takes life for what it is, a fight where all weapons are allowed, and he knows that he will practise without the slightest trace of scruples, and with incomparable license. If he defers to justice and the law, it is only with lip service, and a dash of irony at that; in his eye the law is but a phrase of the code, justice is a word of the dictionary.

On this character, already so accented, falls a second stroke of the die, which stamps him

second time with the same impression; French anarchy roots in the young man the maxims already planted in the boy by the Corsican anarchy. That is to say, in a disintegrating chaos, the objects of desire are the same as in the most important and inchoate society of the very early period of life, beneath the specious cloak of theories and the parade of phraseology, his piercing eyes have touched the bottom of the revolution, that is to say, the sovereignty of unbribed passions and the conquest of a majority by the minority. To be conqueror or conquered, that is the motto he has taken; there are no other maxims; there is no middle term. After the ninth of Thermidor the last lingering veil is rent, and on the political stage the instincts of license and domination and the lusts of private life are laid bare in their native nudity. For the public welfare and popular rights no body cares, but each considers the government as a body, and that game the Frenchman plays against all comers, by all means, including bayonets. Under this sort of civil régime, when a stroke of the broom is aimed at the core, it behoves one to be on the side of the broom handle. Among the armies, and particularly in the army of Italy, the political and national feeling is stronger than that in the republican bodies. The patriotic self-effacement gives place to the natural appetites and military passions. With bare feet, in rags, with four ounces of bread a day, paid in shipshutters that have no current value, officers and soldiers are resolved, above all things, to escape from misery. They are sent to fight for three years on the summit of the Alps, at length reach the promised land, they are resolved to taste its bounty." Another spur is their pride, excited by imagination and success. Add the need of spending their vitality, the gush and surplus of their youth. They are almost all very young men, and they are full of life. They are not content with a pleasure bout and as a duel. But to feed your self valiant, and show what is in you; to confront bull and out of sheer gayety and daring; to dash from an intrigue to a battle, and from a battle to a bull; to seek amusement and danger with equal recklessness, without preoccupation, with neither other object than the satisfaction of the moment, to overcome the exertion of your faculties, to overwrought by emulation and by peril this is not to devote yourself to others, but to give yourself full career; and for all those who are not blockheads, to give yourself career is to make your mark, to go up in rank, to plunder the treasury, to march, like Massena, to conquer in order to become a general, to reach the point this common ground an understanding is reached between the General and his army from the outset of their intercourse, and, after a year's experience, it is perfect. From their point develops a species of morality is evoked, as in the masses of the army, definite in the eyes of the general, as a species of ethics, as he. If he moves his comrades forward, as on their natural incline. He does not forestall them when, arriving at his destination

from the start, he comes to look upon the world as a great banquet open to every comer, but where, to be well served, you must have long arms, be served the first, and leave the others but the scraps.

To him this seems so natural that he says it out loud, and before men who are not his intimates, and who are not his intimates: before the foreigner. "Do you fancy it is so easy, after the preliminary of peace at Leoben, to go to France? Do you fancy it is to make use men of the pettifoggers of the Directory—men like Carnot and Barras—to take France triumphing in Italy? Do you fancy, either, that it is to found a republic on the ruins of a monarchy? Do you fancy a million souls, with our morals, our vices, our errors? Here is the possibility of such a thing? It is a chimera with which the French are infatuated, but which will die out like many another. What they want is glory, the satisfaction of their ambition, the desire to be great. That is the first thing about it. Look at the army: the successes we have just gained, our triumphs, have already given back to the French soldier his veritable character. For it is all in all to lay the Directory but dream of trying to take away any confidence from the army, and the army will be lost."

The nation takes a head, a head made illustrious by glory, and not theories of government, book talk, phrases of ideologists, not a jot of what the Frenchmen understand. As to your country, M. de Melzi, there are in it still several elements of republicanism, which are not to be lost. The head of this army, which one need handle less gingerly. Besides, it is by no means my design to settle things so promptly with Austria. Peace is not my game; you see what I am, and what I can do as things now are in Italy. If peace be made, and if no one be at the head of this army, that is bound to me, I must renounce this power and all position to which I have attained, to go and pay court to the pettifoggers at the Luxembourg. I should not wish to leave Italy except to go and play in France a part which I should not like to play here, and which, I think, is not yet come for the play; the peer is not ripe." To wait till the peer be ripe, but in the mean while to suffer nobody else to pluck it, such is the real motive of his political fidelity and Jacobin proclamations. His position is not his head. The head of the Bourbons is not to contribute to its triumph. I intend, indeed, one day to weaken the Republican party, but I mean to do it for my own advantage, and not for that of the discarded dynasty. Meanwhile we must quarrel with the Republicans, with the Jacobins, and the masses are going to purge the Five Hundred, the Anciens, and the Directory itself, and then reestablish in France the reign of terror."

So, to be sure, he cooperates in the elegance of Fruetidor, and the blow once struck, he is ready to follow. "I have said it," he exclaims: "Don't imagine that it is from an agreement of ideas with those I have supported. I was opposed to the return of the Bourbons, particularly if brought back by Moreau's army and by Pichegru. Once for all, I will have nothing to do with the rôle which I have been playing in this plot, and I don't choose to let others play it. For my own part, my desire is to be a citizen. I have no wish to be a Dictator. Let me tell you that I have lost the habit of obeying; I have tasted the sweets of command and I shall not know how to renounce them. My resolve is taken; if I cannot be elected Dictator, I shall not be a Dictator. There is no middle term between those two alternatives. On his return to Paris he meditates "the overthrow of the Directory, the dissolution of the Councils, the making of himself Dictator." But having decided that the chances of success are too small, he has recourse to the Dictatorship as a second resource. "His expedition to Egypt is prompted by no other motive." That, in the actual condition of France and Europe, the expedition is contrary to the public interest, that France thereby denies herself of her best resources, his exposure of the Dictatorship almost everywhere in denunciation of all matters but those of the interior, and the Dictatorship provided in this enormous and wanton adhesion Bonaparte finds the employment that he needs, a wide field of action and resounding victories, that like trumpet blasts will arouse the sea and recruit his prestige. In his hands the Dictatorship becomes a power, and he exists only for him, and are created only for his service. If in order to confirm him in this belief he still needs an object lesson, Egypt will furnish it. There an absolute sovereign, beyond every species of control, brought in consequence a new race of men, and made himself as a Sultan, and becomes accustomed to the rôle. With relation to the human species his Dictatorship ceases to disappear. "I became utterly disgusted with Rousseau," he will say later, "after seeing the East. Man in his wild state is a dog, and in the civilized man you find the dog still; the instincts are not changed. The former, like the latter, needs a master—a master to subjugate his imagination, to train him, to prevent him from biting unseasonably, to keep him tied up, provide for him, and lead him. The dog may be useful to his master. He desires nothing better, and has right to any service more."

After becoming Consul and then Emperor, he applies his theory on a great scale, and in his hands experience offers every day fresh verifications of the theory. At his first gesture Frenchmen have flung themselves prone in adoration, and he has been hailed as the author of their natural posture—the little ones, priests, and soldiers, with brute fidelity; the big ones, dignitaries, and high functionaries, with Byzantine servility. On the part of the Republicans there is no resistance; it is among them, on the contrary, that he finds his best instruments of government. Senators, Deputies, Ministers, all are ready to become traitors of every degree. From the start, beneath their preachings about liberty and equality, he has detected their instinct for domination, their craving to command, to play first fiddle, even in minor pieces; and, besides this, he has detected in the greater part of them the thirst for money or enjoyment. Besides, he has detected in the Comte de Montalivet, the Minister of the Interior, and in the Minister of the Empire the difference is trivial. It is one and the same man under two garbs, first a revolutionary jacket, and then an embroidered coat. If, here and there, some poor and rigid Puritan, like Lamour or Baudot, refuses to go on the Emperor's parade, he does not matter. He is like a cannon ball, and he will be broken on the conservation parades. Napoleon, who knows their intellectual calibre, considers them as ignoramuses, hide-bound stuck fast in a rut. As to the intelligent and cultivated Liberals of 1789, he puts them back in their right place by a nick name; they are "ideologists"; in other words, their theories are like water and wind, but, in drawing-room prejudice and library hallucination—"Lafayette is a political tomfool," eternally the "dupe of men and things." There remains unaccounted for, however, in Lafayette and a few others, an embarrassing detail—I mean their proved disinterestedness, their unwavering devotion to the Republic, their great love of Liberty, and, in addition, the authority that belongs to certain sciences, to loyalty, and to good faith, or, in brief, to fine, pure motives. Napoleon does not tolerate this contradiction of his theory; talking to such people he disputes their moral elevation to their face. "Gen. Dumas," he says, "you are a Matieus man," you were one of those idiotic believers in the "rights of man?" "Yes, sir, I was, and still am one of them." "And you helped to bring on the revolution, like the rest, from ambitious motives, did you not?" "No, sir, and I should have blundered very badly if I had, for here I am precisely as you are." "I don't particularly understand your own motto, 'You don't know what you want.' It is not the same interest in every case was at the bottom. Here, at Massena, he has gained glory and honours enough, but he is not satisfied; he wants to be a Prince, like Murat and Bernadotte; he will face death to-morrow for the sake of being a Prince; he is the prime motor of the Frenchman. On the other hand, he is made for contempt and witness, who have made